Hudibras.

THE FIRST PART.

Written in the time of the late Wars.

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HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF The FIRST CANTO.

Sir Hudibras *his passing worth,*
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

Canto I.

WHen *civil Dudgeon* first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame RELIGION as for Punk,

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When *Gospel-trumpeter*, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to Battel sounded;
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
VVas beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirrour of Knighthood*;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right VVorshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for VVarrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o're, as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So some Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise, or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howsoe're they make a pother,

The difference was so small, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool:
For 't has been held by many, that
As *Mountaigne* playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Asse,
Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*.
But they'r mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shie of using it:
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on Holydayes, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek:
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Then to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:

And truly so he was perhaps,
Not as a *Prophet*, but for *Claps*.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt South and South-west side:
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
And Rooks *Commitee-men* and *Trustees*.
He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would doe.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he hapned to break off
I'th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready, to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folke.

But when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his ſpeech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich,
A *Babyloniſh* Dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.
It was a particolour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages:
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fuſtian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odde promiſcuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.
Which made ſome think when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himſelf pronounce
A Leaſh of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his ſtock would ne're be ſpent.
And truly to ſupport that charge
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large.
For he could coyn or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit:
VVords ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
VVas hard enough to touch them on.
And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The Ignorant for currant took em.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Then *Tycho Brahe* or *Erra Pater*:

For he by *Geometrick* ſcale
Could take the ſize of *Pots of Ale*;
Reſolve by Sines and Tangents ſtraight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o'th' day
The Clock does ſtrike, by *Algebra*.

Beſide he was a ſhrewd *Philoſopher*,
And had read every text and gloſs over:
Whatever *Sceptick* could inquere for;
For every *Why* he had a *Wherefore*:
Knew more then forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he underſtood by rote,
And as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His Notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He 'd tell where *Ens* and *Quiddity*,
The Ghoſts of defunct bodies, flie;
Where Truth in perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern air.
He knew *What's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphyſick* wit can flie.
In *School-divinity* as able,
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;

A ſecond *Thomas*, or, at once
To name them all, another *Dunce*.
For he a Rope of ſand could twiſt,
As tough as learned *Sorboniſt*;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab her ſelf with Doubts profound,
Onely to ſhew with how ſmall pains
The ſores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a ſcar behind.
He knew the ſeat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what Degree it lies:
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By an *High-Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who firſt made Muſick malleable:
Whether the Serpent at the Fall
Had cloven feet, or none at all.

All this, without a Gloſs or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter
When they throw out and miſs the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
For he was of that ſtubborn crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controverſies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apoſtolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire, and Sword, and Deſolation,
A *Godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never be done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.
A Sect, whoſe chief Devotion lies
In odde perverſe Antipathies,
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:

More peeviſh, croſs, and ſpleenatick,
Then Dog diſtract, or Monkey ſick:
That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong, then others the right way:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhipp'd God for ſpight.
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All Piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all Sin.
Rather then fail, they will defie
That which they love moſt tenderly,
Quarrel with *Minc'd-pies*, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt friend, *Plum-porredge*:
Fat *Pig* and *Gooſe* it ſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme *Cuſtard* through the *noſe*.
Th' Apoſtles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's*, were Aſs and VVidgeon,
To whom our Knight by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper was ſo linkt,
As if Hypocriſie and Non-ſenſe
Had got th' Advowſon of his Conſcience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
VVe mean on th' inſide, not the outward:

That

That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it followeth thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and dy ſo like a Tile,
A ſudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was VVhey,
The nether Orange mixt with Gray.
This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
VVith grizly type did repreſent
Declining age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampſon*'s Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfall.
It was Monaſtick, and did grow
In holy Orders, by ſtrict vow;
Of Rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid *Cordeliers*.
'Twas bound to ſuffer Perſecution
And Martyrdom with reſolution;
T' oppoſe it ſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed State;

In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
VVith red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, aod martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt.
But when the State ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate
A ſacrifice to fall of State;
VVhoſe thred of life the Fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiskers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that Time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty Sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's bum
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Would laſt as long as parent Breech:
But when the date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the ſympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his ſhoulders through the fire:

Our

Our Knight did bear no leſs a pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:
Which now had almoſt got the upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the ſame bulk before:
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As Whitepot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Countrey-houſe affords;
With other victual, which anon
We further ſhall dilate upon,
When of his Horſe we come to treat,
The Cup-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of ſturdy Buff,
And though not Sword- yet Cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
That fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheeſe,
And fat Black-puddings, proper food
For warriers that delight in blood.

For, as we ſaid, He always choſe
To carry vittle in his Hoſe.
And though Knights Errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough Deſarts vaſt,
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where belly-timber above ground
Or under was not no be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their proviſion on record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs, but to fight.
'Tis falſe: For *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round-table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table, ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hoſe;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their Breakfaſts or their Nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
VVe ſhould forget whence we digreſt;
As learned Authors uſe, to whom
VVe leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.

His puiſſant *Sword* unto his ſide
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd,

VVith

With Basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To ſhoot at foes; and ſometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a Grutch,
He ne're gave quarter t'any ſuch.
The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into it ſelf, for lack
Of ſomebody to hew and hack.

The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas ſo manful;
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its face.
In many deſperate attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Then Sergeant *Bum*, invading ſhoulder.
Oft had it ta'ne poſſeſſion,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.

It was a ſerviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had ſtabb'd or broke a head,
It would ſcrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toaſt cheeſe or bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean ſhooes, and in the earth
Set Leeks and Onyons, and ſo forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.

In th' Holſters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged *Piſtols* he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his Hoſe he could not get.
Theſe would inveigle Rats with th' ſent,
To forrage when the Cocks were bent,
And ſometime catch 'em with a ſnap
As cleverly as th' ableſt Trap.
They were upon hard duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood centinel,
To guard the magazine i'th' Hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.

But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his *Horse*.
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of reyn.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.
The Beast was sturdy, large and tall,
With mouth of meal and eyes of wall:
I would say eye, for h'had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestick state.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, then *Spaniard* whipt:

And

And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That *Cæsar*'s Horse, who, as fame goes,
Had Corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often doe, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His Dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt
Still as his tender side he prickt:
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kickt:
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's Horse,
The other would not hang an-Arse.

A *Squire* he had whose name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half.
(Though writers, for more stately tone,
'Do call him *Ralpho*; 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter safe,
We'l call him so, if not plain *Raph*.
For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which like Ships they steer their courses.)
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of Land,
Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestour, her heir:
From him descended crosse-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloudy Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Passe
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-lace,
His *knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New-light*;
A Liberal Art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.

His

His wits were ſent him for a token,
But in the carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.
He ne're conſider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it then 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themſelves will ſometimes be
Of Gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned ſnuff
He could deep myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thred a Needle.
For as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne're beſide their way:
Whate're men ſpeak by this *New-light*,
Still they are ſure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a *Dark-lantern* of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it:
A Light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual Trades to cozen by:
An *Ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom in dirty Pond;

To dive like Wild-fowl for Salvation,
And fish to catch Regeneration.
This Light inspires, and playes upon
The nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe-drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phœbus* or some friendly Muse
Into small Poets Song infuse;
VVhich they at second-hand reherse
Through Reed or Bag-pipe, verse for verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd Oracle.
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware:
For mystick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick, *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
VVhose primitive tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s first green breeches:
Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
Ideas, Atoms, Influences;
And much of *Terra incognita*,
Th' Intelligible world could say:
A deep occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,

Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropoſophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That would do neither good nor harm:
In *Roſie-crucian* Lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.
He underſtood the ſpeech of Birds,
As well as they themſelves do words:
Could tell what ſubtle Parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *knave*, *walk*.
He 'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
And keep them in a glaſs, like water,
Of ſov'raign pow'r to make men wiſe;
For dropt in blere, thick-ſighted eyes,
They 'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like Owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had *Firſt matter* ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of Paſte-board which men ſhew
For Groats at *Fair of Barthol'mew*;

But its great Grandſire, firſt o'th' name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came:
Both Couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was, ſome ſay,
O'th' younger houſe to *Puppet-play*.
He could foretell whats'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſſe.
As Death of Great men, Alterations,
Diſeaſes, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' eclipſe of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſie to be underſtood.
But with more lucky hit then thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
Like Knight o'th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All Miſchief in the World men doe:
Or, like the Dev'l, did tempt and ſway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'l ſearch a Planet's houſe, to know
VVho broke and robb'd a houſe below:
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*,
VVho ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon:
And though they nothing will confeſſe,
Yet by their very looks can gueſſe,

And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
VVho ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'l queſtion *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſſe and peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'l find i'th' Phyſiognomies
O'th' Planets all mens deſtinies:
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o'th' Pill.
Caſt the Nativity o'th' Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
They'l feel the Pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Criſis* does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine:
In men what gives or cures the Itch,
VVhat makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
VVhat gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
VVhat makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wiſe, for onely of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more then can the Aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit
As well as vertues, parts, and wit.
Their valours too were of a rate,
And out they ſally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a ſad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But e're we venture to unfold
Atchievments ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome *Muſe*;
However Criticks count it ſillier
Then Juglers talking to Familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which:
They 're all alike: yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus we do accoſt.

Thou that with Ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
And force them, though it were in ſpight
Of nature and their ſtars, to write;

Who,

Who, as we find in ſullen writs,
And croſſe-grain'd works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praiſes of the Author, penn'd
By himſelf, or wit-enſuring friend,
The itch of Picture in the front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make men ſcribble without skill,
Canſt make a Poet, ſpight of fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate;
Though out of Languages in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech:
Aſſiſt me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble you no more.

In Weſtern clime there is a Town
To thoſe that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be ſed here,
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not underſtood.
To this Town people did repair
On days of Market or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle and hoarſe Tabor
In merriment did drudge and labour:

But now a ſport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village-rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
VVhich learned Butchers call *Bear-Baiting*:
A bold advent'rous exerciſe,
VVith ancient *Hero's* in high prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Iſthmian* or *Nemean* game.
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemiſphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle, like a Bear at ſtake,
That at the Chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the Rabble-rout.
For after ſolemn proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is the faſhion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty foot of ſtake of Bear;
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T'expoſe themſelves to vain jeopardy;
If they come wounded off and lame,
No honour's got by ſuch a maim.
Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground,
VVhen he's ingag'd, and take no notice,
If any preſſe upon him, who 'tis,

But let them know at their own coſt
That he intends to keep his poſt.
This to prevent, and other harms,
VVhich alwayes wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a Fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his courſe did ſtear,
To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd h' was bound to doe
In Conſcience and Commiſſion too.
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire;

VVe that are wiſely mounted higher
Then Conſtables, in Curule wit,
VVhen on Tribunal-bench we ſit,
Like Speculators, ſhould foreſee,
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended Miſchiefs farther then
Low Proletarion Tithing-men.
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to diſpute;
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' expence of Chriſtian bloud,

And

And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloudy Duel without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake,
For *Cov'nant* and for *Cause*'s sake;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *evil counsel* is fomented.
There is a *Machiavillian* plot,
(Though ev'ry Nare olfact it not)
A deep design in 't, to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemys *plus satis*,
That *cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloudy *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead brothers by the nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it:

Unleſſe by providential wit
Or force we averruncate it.
For what deſign, what intereſt
Can Beaſt have to encounter Beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed *Cauſe*,
Frail *Privilege*, *Fundamental Laws*;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Proteſtation*;
Nor for free *Liberty of Conſcience*,
Nor Lords nor Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-lands*,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor *evil counſellours* to bring
To juſtice that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the worſhip of us Men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th'*Ægyptians* worſhipp'd *Dogs*, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd martyrdome.
The *Indians* fought for the truth
Of th' *Elephant* and *Monkey*'s tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For Man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better then ſo.

But we, we onely do infuſe
This rage in them like *Boute-feus.*
'Tis our example that inſtills
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts that converſe
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
Juſt ſo by our example Cattel
Learn to give one another battel.
We read in *Nero*'s time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the *Chriſtian brethren,*
They ſow'd them in the skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd, Antichriſtian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily
The point ſeems very plain to me.
It is an Antichriſtian Game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt for the *name*, the word *Bear-baiting*
Is carnal, and of Man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch word
In all the *Scripture* on record.
Therefore unlawful and a ſin.
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *thing.*
A vile *Aſſembly* 'tis that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than

Provincial, Classical, National;
Mere humane Creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous.
For when men run a whoring thus,
With their Inventions, whosoe're
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous and Pagan,
No lesse then worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.
For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim* as thou say'st:
(For that *Bear-baiting* should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Then *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)
Yet there 's a falacy in this:
For if by sly *Homœosis*
(*Tussis pro crepitu*, an art
Under a Cough to slur a Fart)
Thou wouldst Sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
But *Bear-baiting* may be made out
In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Classis*:
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,

That put them in a bag and ſhake 'em,
Your ſelf o'th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t imagine whether
O'th' two is worſt, though I name nether.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i'th' Adage,
Id eſt, to make a Leek a Cabbage.
Thou wilt at beſt but *ſuck a Bull*,
Or *ſhear Swine*, *All Cry, and no Wooll*.
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's analogical?
Or what relation has Debating
Of Church-affairs, with *Bear-baiting*?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is,
Of things *ejuſdem generis*.
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Compr'hend them *incluſive* both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As likely paſſe for Bears as they.
For we are Animals no leſſe,
Although of different *ſpecieſes*.
But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit place
Nor time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the world a proof

Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit
Anothet manner of Dispute.
A controversie that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowesse and conduct adæquate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the *Godly* expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd unlesse
VV'are slurr'd and outed by successe:
Successe, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe're we perpetrate,
VVe do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
VVhich in successe oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions:
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and Cowardise succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have born us out.
VVhich though th'are known to be so ample,
VVe need not copy from example,
VVe 're not the onely person durst
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a valorous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,

And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of theſe the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt or victory to come.
'Tis ſung, There is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In forein Land, yclep'd ———
To whom we oft have been compar'd
For perſon, parts, addreſſe, and beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame Cauſe both have fought.
He oft in ſuch attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſſe.
Nor will we fail in th' execution
For want of equal reſolution.
Honour is, like a Widow, won
With brisk attempt, and putting on;
With entring manfully, and urging;
Not ſlow approches, like a Virgin.

This ſaid, as yerſt the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with ruſty ſteel did ſmite
His *Trojan* horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach gron'd,
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd tail and blaſt of wind.
So have I ſeen with armed heel,
A Wight beſtride a *Common-weal*;
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſſe the ſullen Jade has ſtirr'd.

THE ARGUMENT OF The SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemy's beſt men of War;
To whom the Knight *does make a ſpeech*
And they defie him: after which
He fights with Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Priſoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted caſtle,
There ſhuts him up in wooden Baſtile.

Canto II.

THere was an ancient ſage *Philoſopher*,
That had read *Alexander Roſs* over,
And ſwore the World, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love*:
Juſt ſo *Romances* are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?
O' th' firſt of theſe w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:
In which to doe the Injur'd right
VVe mean, in what concerns juſt fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name

A patern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole Street do raze,
To build a Palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Juſt like the manhood of nine Taylors.
So a wild *Tartar* when he ſpies
A man that's handſom, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit:
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a Giant's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd o'rethwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large bones;
As men kill Beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befell;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each their due deſert:
And never coyn a formal lie on't,
To make the *Knight* o'recome the *Giant*.

This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do tearm't, or *Sucouſſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how.
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious light, it was a Trot.
But let that paſs: they now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The Learned hold, are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be
Mere Engines, made by Geometry,
And were invented firſt from Engins,
As *Indian Brivains* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be; and, as I was ſaying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Untill they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which th' enemy did then incamp on,
The dire *Pharſalian* Plain, where battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary men,
Who came to aid their brethren:
Who now began to draw in field,
As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.

For as our Modern wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-pack on the Old,
Much further off; much further he
From off his aged beaſt could ſee:
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy.
VVherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers, and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he ſtopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himſelf for Martial deed:
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward,
Courage and Steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worſe.
His death-charg'd Piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle.
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free Sword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painful pluck,
From ruſty durance he bail'd Tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that Proweſſe
In Scabbard of his Arms ſate looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſperate foot
On ſtirrup ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending bloud, like blazing ſtar,
The Beacon of approching war.
Ralpho rode on with no leſſe ſpeed,
Then *Hugo* in the forreſt did;

But with a great deal more return'd,
For now the foe he had diſcern'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *Main battel*, *Wings*, and *Rear*.

In th' head of all this warlike Rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the warrier's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets valour ſharp, like Beer
By thunder turn'd to Vineger,
(For if a Trumpet ſound or Drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on North-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe
To ſpecial friends the knot of Nooſe:
For 'tis *great grace* when *Stateſmen* ſtraight
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o're the ſtrings,
VVhich was but *Sowce* to *Chitterlings*:
For Guts, ſome write, e're they are ſodden,
Are good for Muſick or for Pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minſtrelſey, by ſtring or wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
VVith which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick:
For he to Horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.

Chiron, the four-leg'd Bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe onely of his beard.
In *Staffordſhire*, where vertuous worth
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſey, not birth;
Where Bulls do chuſe the boldeſt King
And Ruler, o're the men of ſtring;
(As once in *Perſia*, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horſe that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his *Leg* then broke
Had got a Deputy of Oke:
For when a Shin in fight is cropt,
The Knee with one of timber 's propt;
Eſteem'd more honourable then the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next follow'd *Orſin*, famous for
Wiſe conduct and ſucceſſe in war:
A skilful Leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhal to the champion Bear,
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-head
The Warriour to the Liſts he led;
With ſolemn march and ſtately pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn face:
Grave as the Emperour of *Pegu*,
Or *Spaniſh* Potentate *Don Diego*.

This

This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, leſt the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plaintiff *Dog*, ſhould make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with *Writs of Errour*,
Reverſe of judgment, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry *Whoop*, and ſet them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloudy fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military *Garden-Paris*.
For Souldiers horetofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Untill ſome ſplay-foot Politicians
T'*Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licenſing a new Invention
Th' had found out, of an antique Engine
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Garden at a blow,
And leave th' Herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done? quoth Stateſmen; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known you'l ſay 'tis eaſie.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.
We'l beat a Drum, and they'l all follow.

A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Inſtrument
We are th' undoubted Preſident;
We ſuch loud Muſick do not profeſſe,
The Devil's maſter of that office,
Where it muſt paſſe, if 't be a Drum,
He'l ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your ſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th' had better have let them grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all fighters,
More juſtly may b' aſcrib'd to this,
Then any other warriour, (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Souldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high,
For ſplendour and antiquity,
And from celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line.
Not as the ancient *Hero's* did,
Who, that their baſe births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf, and others
O'th' Gods, Gallants to their own mothers,

To

To get on them a Race of champions,
Of which old *Homer* firſt made *Lampoons*.
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Anceſtour:
From him his great Fore-fathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in Medc'nal Lore,
For by his ſide a Pouch he wore
Replete with ſtrange Hermetick Powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would ſolder,
By skilful *Chymiſt* with great coſt
Extracted from a rotten poſt;
But of an heav'nlier influence
Then that which Mountebanks diſpenſe;
Though by *Promethean* fier made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when Slovens doe amiſſe
At others doors by Stool or Piſſe,
The Learned write, a red-hot Spit,
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the Dung
Unto the Breech that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orſin* was endu'd
VVith Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, ſung long ſince,

A skilful Leech is better far
Then half a hundred Men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his Skill,
No leſſe then Dint of ſword, could kill.

The gallant *Bruin* marcht next him,
With viſage formidably grim,
And ragged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own kin;
Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*,
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Noſe, like *Indian* King,
He wore for ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled Leathern Target;
Armed, as *Heralds* cant, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, *ſharp-fanged*.
For as the Teeth in beaſts of prey
Are Swords with which they fight in fray;
So Swords in Men of war are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.
He was by birth, ſome Authors write,
A *Ruſſian*, ſome a *Muſcovite*,
And 'mong the *Coſſacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That ſerve to fill up Pages here,
As with their bodies Ditches there.
Scrimanskie was his Couſin-german,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on vermin:

And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And though his Countrey-men, the *Huns*,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' Horses backs o're which they straddle,
And every man eat up his Saddle:
He was not half so nice as they,
But eat it raw, when it came in's way.
He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More then *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He spous'd in *India*
Of noble House a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies,
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and *Orsin* oft had been;
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a sav'd Citizen: the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and bloud:
But *Talgol*, mortal foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and hearty, such as he
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner then he fought

Inur'd to labour, ſweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, ſhone with Oyl.
Right many a widow his keen Blade,
And many fatherleſſe, had made.
He many a Bore and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'rethrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd
Had like the Bore or Dun Cow far'd.
VVith greater troops of Sheep h' had fought
Then *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*:
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
VVith wings before and ſtings behind,
Subdu'd; as Poets ſay, long agon
Bold *Sir George Saint George* did the *Dragon*.
No Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though ſtor'd with Deletery Med'cines,
(VVhich whoſoever took is dead ſince)
E're ſent ſo vaſt a Colony
To both the under-worlds as he.
For he was of that noble trade,
That *Demi-gods* and *Hero's* made,
Slaughter, and Knocking on the head;
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it,
The later in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred, with vile bungleing.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in Martial fame.
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't.
Yet he was fierce as Forrest-bore,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* sev'n-fold shield,
Which o're his brazen arms he held.
But Brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-head*;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,
As *English Merlin* for his heart;
But far more skilful in the Spheres,
Then he was at the Sieve and Shears.
He could transform himself in colour
As like the Devil as a Collier;
As like as Hypocrites in shew
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The *Cannon*, *Blunderbuss* and *Saker*,
He was th' inventer of and maker:
The *Trumpet* and the *Kettle-drum*
Did both from his Invention come.

He was the firſt that e're did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a breach.
A Lance he bore with Iron-pike,
Th' one half would thruſt, th' other ſtrike:
And when their forces he had joyn'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Then burniſh'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold *Virago*, ſtout and tall,
As *Joan* of *France*, or *Engliſh Mall*.
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin ſhe follow'd him,
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook.
At breach of Wall, or Hedge-ſurprize,
She ſhar'd in th' hazard and the prize:
At beating quarters up, and forrage,
Behav'd her ſelf with matchleſs courage;
And laid about in fight more buſily,
Then th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Pen-Theſile*.

And though ſome Criticks here cry ſhame,
And ſay our Authors are to blame,
That (ſpight of all Philoſophers,
Who hold no Females ſtout, but Bears)
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their native arms aſide,
Their modeſty, and ride a-ſtride;

To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*,
And ſhe that would have been the Miſtreſs
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Countrey-Laſs:
They ſay 'tis falſe, without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To Government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in Proſe:
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'l find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'l prove it true upon record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
Of all his Race the valiant'ſt;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les* for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide.
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muſes deathleſs writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide-ſhield would pierce,

And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher then the Knight of *Greece* his;
VVith whom his black-thum'd ancestour
VVas comrade in the ten years war:
For when the restless *Greeks* sate down
So many years before *Troy* Town,
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-sol'd Boots*, no less then Fights;
They ow'd that glory onely to
His Ancestours that made them so.
Fast friend he was to *Reformation*,
Untill 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
Next Rectifier of wry *Law*,
And would make three, to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate and quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like Ram or Bull, at *Conventicle*:
For Disputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Skulls*.

Last *Colon* came, bold Man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
Right expert in command of Horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of *Centaure* long ago
VVas said, and has been wrested to

Some

Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horſe* were of a piece.
One ſpirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigour, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart;
Although his Horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on Man's fleſh, as fame goes.
Strange food for Horſe! and yet, alas!
It may be true, for *fleſh is graſs.*
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Then *Hercules* to cleanſe a ſtable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother
And provender wherewith to feed
Himſelf and his leſs-cruel Steed.
It was a queſtion whether He
Or's Horſe were of a Family
More worſhipful: till Antiquaries
(After th' had almoſt por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The buſ'neſs on the Horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not onely Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For Beaſts, when Man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs,

These Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Countries round about;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres:
From forain Parishes and Regions,
Of different manners, speech, Religions,
Came Men and Mastives; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of Death, the Lists,
Were entred by Antagonists,
And bloud was ready to be broached,
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
With *Squire* and weapons to attack them:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them,

VVhat Rage, O Citizens, what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
VVhat *Oestrum*, what phrenetick mood,
Makes you thus lavish of your bloud,
VVhile the proud *Vies* your Trophees boast,
And unreveng'd walks —— ghost?
VVhat Towns, what Garrisons might you
VVith hazard of this bloud subdue,
VVhich now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall

Shall *Saints* in Civil bloudshed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lye fallow?
The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o're?
Then because Quarrels still are seen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemne League and Covenant*
Will seem a mere *God-dam-me* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make War *for the King*
Against himself, the self-same thing
Some will not stick to swear we doe
For *God*, and for *Religion* too.
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* doe?
The bloud and treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o'th' *Protestation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*,
Which all the *Saints*, and some since *Martyrs*,
Wore in their Hats, like Wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
With Zeal and Noises formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Joyn throats to cry the *Bishops* down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)

As Members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching *Kettle*.
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
The *Oyſter-women* lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Biſhop*.
The *Mouſetrap-men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainſt *Ev'l Counſellors* did cry.
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant* inſtead
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread*:
And ſome for *Broom, old Boots and Shooes*,
Cry'd out to *purge the Common's Houſe*:
Inſtead of *Kitchin-ſtuff*, ſome cry
A *Goſpel-preaching-Miniſtry*;
And ſome for *Old Suits, Coats*, or *Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-book*.
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *Reformation*.
And is this all? is this the end
To which theſe *car'rings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick faith* like a young heire
For this tak'n up all ſorts of Ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradeſman's book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?

For

For when they thought the *Cauſe* had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coyn *Piſs-pots*, *Bouls* and *Flaggons*,
In t' Officers of Horſe and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musketiers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups* and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin* and a *Spoon*,
Did ſtart up living men, as ſoon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the *Dragon's teeth* b'ing ſown.
Then was the *Cauſe* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* off'rings, conſecrate
Like th' *Hebrew-calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell proſtrate, to adore it.
So ſay the *Wicked*——and will you
Make that ſarcaſmous Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean then Calves or Steers?
Have *pow'rfull Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And *laid* themſelves *out* and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I'th' power of *Goſpel-preaching-Miniſter*?
Have they invented *Tones*, to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The men; as *Indians* with the female
Tame Elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told *Prov'denee* what it muſt doe,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' *Enemy*'s deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine;

Pre-

Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne're advance the *Kirk*;
Told it th' *News* o th' laſt Expreſs,
And after good or bad ſucceſs
Made Prayers, not ſo like *Petitions*,
As *Overtures* and *Propoſitions*,
(Such as the *Army* did preſent
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot *acquieſce*,
Unleſs the *Work* be carried on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Commonweal
All on a flame bright as their Zeal,
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*,
To't ſelf, and ſent them, like Commiſſions,
To *well-affected* perſons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With pow'r to levy Horſe and Men,
Onely to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,

Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cauſe*'s ſervice?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* ſwore,
Each man of us to run before
Another ſtill in *Reformation*,
Give Dogs and Bears a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it,
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to doe his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt;
And bid *the Devil take the hinmoſt*,
Which in this race is like to win moſt.
They'l ſay our buſ'neſs to *reform*
The Church and State is but a worm;
For to tranſcribe a Church inviſible,
As we have ſworn to doe, it is *a bull*:
For when we ſwore to doe it after
The beſt Reformed Churches that are,
What did we elſe but make a Vow
To doe we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With theirs that ſwore *Et cæteras*;
Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of bloud.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,

If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitancies fit for Bedlam,
Rather then *Gospel*-walking times,
When sleightest Sins are greatest Crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal.
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your Brethren and your Country-men;
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The *Fidler*, as the prime offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Engenier of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he playes,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condigne punishment, as th' ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say:
For then I'le take another course,
And soon *Reduce* you all by force.
This said, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol*, who had long ſuppreſt
Inflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e're in meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice, as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen luggage,
O'thy ſelf, old Ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy Steed of bones and leather
Is lam'd and tir'd in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus,
T' oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t'employ it ſelf about,
Where thou ſecure from wooden blow
Thy buſie vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute afoot between
The *Caterwauling Bretheren*?
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their-wits*, and thoſe i' th' wrong?
No prize between thoſe Combatants
O'th' times, the Land and Water-*Saints*?
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without hazard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard?
And not for want of buſ'neſſe come
To us to be thus troubleſome?
To interrupt our better ſort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?

VVas

Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purſe, nor Burglary abroad?
No *Stollen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Gooſe*,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſie from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out Journey-work for thee;
And ſet th' a task, with ſuborna tion,
To ſtitch up *Sale* and *Sequeſtration*;
To *cheat* with *Holineſſe* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H'had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or ſent th' on bus'neſſe any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th'haſt brain enough in skull
To keep it ſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt,
Which I'le not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.

At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting* hands and *eyes up* both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke out.

Was

Was I for this entitled *Sir*,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,
For fame and honour to wage battel,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to Cattel?
Not all that Pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy Carrion for good meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Turn Death of Nature to thy work,
And ſtop the Gangrene in ſtale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne're withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy clevers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives;
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this blade
VVhich I her Sword-bearer do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor ſhall theſe words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame throat ſhall devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e're be ſaid, that wight
VVith Gantlet blew and Baſes white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his ſide,
So great a man at Arms defy'd

VVith

VVith words far bitterer then VVormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* ſtir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal;
But Men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in Holſters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he levell'd full
Againſt th' outſide of *Talgol*'s skull;
Vowing that he ſhould ne're ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But *Pallas* came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thruſt,
Her *Gorgon*-ſhield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff as 'twere transform'd to ſtock.
Meanwhile fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
VVith rugged Truncheon ſmote at *Knight*.
But he with Petronel up-heav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great Maſter's gripe;
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haſte
Drew out his ſword; yet not ſo faſt
But *Talgol* firſt with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his rugged ſword was out,
VVith ſtomach ſtout he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe the Truncheon.

The

The truſty Cudgel did oppoſe
It ſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it ſelf again.
And though the ſword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of wood;
'Twas nothing ſo, both ſides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt.
For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honour more.
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of death;
While all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take, or kill.
This *Hudibras* obſerv'd, and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow.
But *Talgol* wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſleight; for had it hit,
The upper part of him the blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

But now fierce *Colon* 'gan draw on,
To aid the diſtreſt champion.
Him *Ralpho* encountred, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal combat 'twixt them two:

Th' one arm'd with metall, th' other wood;
This fit for bruiſe, and that for bloud.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them could divine
To which ſide conqueſt would incline:
Untill *Magnano*, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vie,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne're attain.
For he by foul hap having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren ground,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of Steed, with pricks as ſharp as nail.
The angry beaſt did ſtraight reſent
And feel regret on fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſengage from Thiſtle,
That gall'd him ſorely under his tail.
Inſtead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and baggage from his back;
And blundring ſtill, with ſmarting rump,
He gave the *Knight*'s Steed ſuch a thump,
As made him reel. The *Knight* did ſtoop,
And ſate on further ſide aſlope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By ſleight eſcapt the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,

He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.
But *Mars*, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whose soft fur-gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd and rag'd and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath enflam'd boil'd o're, and from
His jaws of death he threw the fome.
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, then ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd and rav'd;
And vext the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the *Law of arms*:
For Men he always took to be
His friends, and Dogs the enemy.

Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom h'had fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſſe of bloud ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſouldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Commiſſion,
And laid about him, till his Noſe
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew.
Some he o'reran, and ſome o'rethrew,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t'eſcape purſuit of *Knight*,
From whom he fled with as much haſte
And dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſev'ral way.

Crowdero onely kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded ſore
I'th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone,
But, much its betters, th' wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lye ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,

With

With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſſe of Urine, caſt in ſownd,
In haſt he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And liſting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up to fall on *Knight*.
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and Skin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T'adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with ſprained Crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching *Knight* from fell Muſician.
He ſnatch'd his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling houſe)
To hide it ſelf from rage of blows;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blew.
Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
The Shin encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd, to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between.
He took the blow on ſide and arm.
To ſhield the *Knight* entraunc'd from harm;

And joyning wrath with force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run
And ſetting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What *deſp'rate frenzie*
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to phancy
Thy ſelf and all that coward Rabble
T' encounter us in battel able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt Arms, Authority and Worſhip?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of VVood?
Could not the VVhipping-poſt prevail
VVith all its rhet'rick, nor the Jail,
To keep from flaying ſcourge thy skin,
And ankle free from Iron gin?
VVhich now thou ſhalt—But firſt our care
Muſt ſee how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And ſet him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his Noſe with gentle thump,
Knock'd on his breaſt, as if 't had been
To raiſe the ſpirits lodg'd within.
They wakened with the noiſe, did flie
From inward Room to window Eye,

And gently op'ning lid, the Caſement,
Lookt out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to ſee,
VVho thus beſpoke the *Knight*: quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great Sir,
A *ſelf-denying* conquerour;
As high, victorious and great,
As e're fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your ſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's Victory. The foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake:
And he lies priſ'ner at your feet
To be diſpos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or ſale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail.
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Muſt ſentence him to live, or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchaſe,
VVon in the Service of the *Churches*;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt title on the conquerer;
Though *diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *Owning* were but a mere term:

Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain't:
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Paraſites:
All which the *Saints* have *title* to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Then what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* ſtill,
And they our *Tenants* but at will.

At this the *Knight* began to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that run away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder bloud,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's buſineſs, ſooner
Then from your hand to have the honour

Of his deſtruction. I that am
A Nothingneſs in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit Carcaſs,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Caſe.
Will you, Great Sir, that glory blot
In cold bloud which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring ſword
To breake a Fiddle and your Word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great Commanders always own
What's proſperous by the Souldier done.
To ſave, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;
And that your will and pow'r have leſs
Then both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.
This pow'r which now alive with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in awe,
Then if you were a Knight of ſtraw:
For Death would then be his conquerour,
Not you, and free him from that terrour.
If danger from his life accrew,
Or honour from his death to you;
'Twere policy, and honour too,
To doe as you reſolve to doe.
But Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To ſay it needs or fears a crutch.
Great Conquerours greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, then ſlain:

The

The Laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes; the greateſt fame
Of Cripple ſlain can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th' Honour can but on one ſide light,
As Worſhip did, when y' were dub'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of war;
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd:
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety;
If any Member there diſlike
His face, or to his beard have pike;
Or if his death will ſave, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has quarter, ne'retheleſs
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe.
This hath been often done by ſome
Of our great Conquerours, you know whom:
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe Juſtice, and to ſome *reveal'd*.
For words and promiſes that yoke
The Conquerour, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampſon's* Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the *Cauſe*
By rules of Military Laws,

And

And onely doe what they call juſt,
The *Cauſe* would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among our ſelves may ſpeak,
But to the *wicked* or the *weak*
VVe muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.

This ſaid, the high outragious mettle
Of *Knight* began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the *Squire*'s advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the buſineſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne're to bear arms againſt him more.

Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſt,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
To lead the captive of his ſword
In triumph, while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The *Squire* in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whiniard bore
The Trophee-*Fiddle* and the *Caſe*,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide,

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat againſt the tide and wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Untill quite through the Town th' had gone:
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient Caſtle, which commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick.
But all of wood, by pow'rful ſpell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,
Port-cullis, Chain, or Bolt, or Grate:
And yet men durance there abide
In Dungeon ſcarce three inches wide;
With Roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie, or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With walls of ſubtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Untill th' are freed by Head of Burrough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon hands;
By ſtrange inchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.

And when a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The body feels the ſpur and ſwitch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by 'Witch
At twenty miles an houers pace,
And yet ne're ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a ſpire,
On which Sir *Knight* firſt bids the *Squire*
The *Fiddle*, and its ſpoils, the *Caſe*,
In manner of a Trophee, place.
That done, they ope the trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet;
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe.
Though a *Delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a ſtranger, he's enlarged;
While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up faſt in priſon for't.
So *Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,*
Stumbles at Innocence ſometimes.

THE ARGUMENT OF
The THIRD CANTO.

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight *does ſally,*
And is made Priſ'ner: then they ſeize
Th' Inchanted Fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's place.*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid, Hudibras.

Canto III.

AY me! what perils do inviron (ron!
The man that meddles with cold I-
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps!
For though Dame fortune ſeem to ſmile
And leer upon him for a while,
She'l after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay
I'th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day.*
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The field as ſuer as a Gun,
And having routed the whole troop.
With Victory was cock-a-hoop;

Thinking

Thinking h' had done enough to purchaſe
Thanksgiving-day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And regiſter'd by fame eternal
In deathleſs pages of *Diurnal*;
Found in few minutes, to his coſt,
He did but *Count without his Hoſt*;
And that a *Turn-ſtile* is more certain
Then in events of war Dame Fortune.

For now, the late faint-hearted Rout,
O'rethrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horrour of their fear
From bloudy fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the *Dogs*, who in purſuit
Of the *Knight*'s Victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly fought to get
The honour of his bloud and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart at graſs, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed *Bear*
Attack'd by th' enemy i'th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd, Re-

Retiring ſtill, untill he found
H' had got th' advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of Warriour ſtout and politick.
Untill in ſpight of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a Paſs to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil:
But ſtill their numbers ſo increaſt,
He found himſelf at length oppreſt,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather then yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hide and carcaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e're he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The enemy i'th' greateſt throng.
But what could ſingle valour doe
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was ſuch:
But one againſt a multitude
Is more then mortal can make good.

For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was ſuddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives charging hom e
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf, to ſhew how tall
His Perſon was, above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th'enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many Warriors and ſo ſtout
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where;
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down ſtill laid about;
As *Widdrington* in doleful Dumps
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick,
For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field *Parthians* ſhoot,

(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the ears of ſtanding Corn,
Or trip it o're the Water quicker
Then Witches when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the Martial throng;
Where pittying the vanquiſht *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who ſtood near
Viewing the bloudy fight, to whom
Shall wee (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum drum*,
And ſee ſtout *Bruin* all alone
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already h'has atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd:
And 'twould to us be ſhame enough
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him:
But then we muſt about it ſtreight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late.
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therfore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground:
And joyning forces laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.

Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where (*Bruin*
Was now engag'd to mortal ruine:
The conquering foe they soon assail'd;
First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Untill the Mastives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! doe what they could,
The worsted *Bear* came off with store
Of bloudy wounds, but all before.
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over but the Pagan heel:
So did our Champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the Martial
Encounter lost a Leathern parcel.
For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half the coyn) in battel par'd
Close to his head; so *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like *Scrivener* newly crucifi'd;
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the *circumcized Brethren.*
But gentle *Trulla* into th' ring
He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
With which she marcht before, and led
The Warrior to a grassy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool shade,
Which Eglentine and Roses made,

Cloſe by a ſoftly-murm'ring ſtream
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a Bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd, with a ſtrain.
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great Leader, and the reſt.

For *Orſin* (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground
In ſtanding fights then for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With othe-s that purſu'd the Chace,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his *Bear* purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his Coward foes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coyl as
Stout *Hercules* for loſſe of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret.
He beat his breſt, and tore his hair,
For loſſe of his dear Crony *Bear*:

That Echo from the hollow ground
His dolefull wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Then in small Poets splay-foot rimes,
That make her, in their ruthfull stories,
To answer to interr'gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.
Quo h he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my--- Echo, *ruine*?
I thought th'hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
For fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep.*
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget.*
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' dish,
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, *Pish.*
To run from those th'hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee flie
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee th s from turning tail:

For who would grutch to ſpend his bloud in
His honor's cauſe? *Quoth* ſhe, a *Puddin*.
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomack burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with his bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd and his Bear.
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight, and giving ore
To ſearch for *Bruin* any more,
He went in queſt of *Hudibras*,
To find him out, where e're he was:
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late ſubdue.
Honor, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their breaſts enflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors ſtout
And reſolute as ever fought:

Whom furious *Orſin* thus beſpoke,

Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile affront, that paultry Aſſe
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Raganuffin*
Ralpho, with vapourieg and huffing
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in battel?
For my part, it ſhall ne're be ſed,
I for the waſhing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O'th' Raſcals, but loſſe of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergoe;
For whether theſe fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more then all my skill can foretell.
Nor do *I know* what is become
Of him, *more then the Pope of Rome*.
But if I can but find them out,
That caus'd it, (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where e're th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
I'le make them rue their handy-work;
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd,
To *pull the Devil by the beard*.

Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orſin*, th' haſt
Great reaſon to doe as thou ſay'ſt;
And ſo has ev'ry body here
As well as thou haſt or thy Bear.

Others

Others may doe as they ſee good;
But if this Twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'le make the fur
Flie 'bout the ears of the old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is ſafe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.
My ſelf and *Trulla* made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough.
There let him reſt, for if we ſtay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This ſaid, they all engag'd to joyn
Their forces in the ſame deſign:
And forthwith put themſelves in ſearch
Of *Hudibras* upon their march.
VVhere leave we them a while, to tell
VVhat the victorious *Knight* befell:
For ſuch, *Crowdero* being faſt
In Dungeon ſhut we, left him laſt.
Triumphant Laurels ſeem'd to grow
No where ſo green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
VVith conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Caſtle by,
To reſt his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruiſe
He got in fight, *reds*, *blacks*, and *blews*; To

To mollifie the uneaſie pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O'th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widows joynture-land,
(For he, in all his amorous battels,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
As now he did, and aiming right,
An arrow he let flie at *Knight*;
The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall him in the *Purtenance*.
But time had ſomewhat ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly, that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits, and Ants eggs,
Had almoſt brought him off his leggs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Raſcallion*,
That Old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him?) *malion*,
That cut his Miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard-a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a Mule that flings and kicks:
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe hid,
As inſolent, as ſtrange, and mad: She

She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her? ha day!
So Cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.
Meanwhile the *Knight* had no small task,
To compasse what he durst not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.
Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of Steed,
Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Untill he seize upon the Coney:
Just so does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour born.
Yet much he bore, untill the distresse
He suffer'd from his spightfull Mistresse
Did stir his stomack, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain

Turn'd

Turn'd to regret, ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome months, and more had done;
But being brought ſo nigh by fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and ope
A dore to diſcontinu'd hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in;
And that his valour and the honour
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her.
Theſe reaſons made his mouth to water
With amorous longing to be at her.

Quoth he unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave conqueſt o're my foes
May reach her heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn Love,
And Vertue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to doe
That brings both Love and Vertue too?
But thou bring'ſt valour too and wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouſe-trap, wit a gin
VVhich women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, that art a Conquerer? For-

Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry.
Then while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the *Knight* did keep
More then his bangs, or fleas, from ſleep.
And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blew eyes,
As if he ſlept, untill he ſpies
The little beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the wretch:
So from his Couch the *Knight* did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the VVidow's heart;
Crying with haſty tone and hoarſe,
Ralpho, diſpatch, to horſe, to horſe.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
VVe left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort where he enſconc'd,
And had all th' avenues poſſeſt
About the place from Eaſt to VVeſt.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t'aſſault:
Then call'd a Council, which was beſt,
By ſiege or onſlaught, to infeſt
The enemy: and 'twas agreed
By ſtorm and onſlaught to proceed.

This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely ſort,
They now drew up t'attack the fort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
VVhether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a danger,
To which he was an utter ſtranger;
That Foreſight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſed,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.

His Courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid;
VVhen ſetting ope the Poſtern gate,
VVhich they thought beſt to ſally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomwhat ſtartled the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th'unexpected ſight.
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage.
And thus he ſpoke: The Coward Foe,
VVhom we but now gave quarter to;

Look

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had outrun their fears.
The Glory we did lately get,
The fates command us to repeat.
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick Crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue,
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
When we couragiouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for Victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terrour o're our heads,
They'l ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by turns thoſe whom it takes.
And they'l opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This ſaid, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his *Miſtreſs* name.
His Piſtol next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown whiniard drew.
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt;

As expert Warriors uſe: then ply'd
With Iron-heel his Courſer's ſide,
Conveying Sympathetick ſpeed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Meanwhile the foe with equal rage
And ſpeed advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handiblows.
When *Orſin* firſt let fly a ſtone
At *Ralpho*; not ſo huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the Bum withall:
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T'have ſent him to another world;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold *Squire*,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rouz'd his ſpirits half diſmay'd.
He, wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſt cloſe,
To come, pell-mell, to handiblows:
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher:

As

As expert VVartiors uſe to doe,
VVhen hand to hand they charge the foe.
This order the advent'rous *Knight*
Moſt Souldier-like obſerv'd in fight:
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her *goody-ſhip*,
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For *Colon* chuſing out a ſtone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thumpt upon
His manly panch, with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.
He loos'd his whiniard, and the reyn:
But laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: And as a Gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe;
So did the *Knight*, and with one claw
The tricker of his Piſtol draw.
The Gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to ſtout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of Arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd; the ſhot let flie
At randome 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gaberdine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſſing
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s braſs Habergeon,
Who ſtraight *A Surgeon* cry'd, *a Surgeon*.
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.

This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That it the *Knight* had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the ſecond time) the fight.
As *Ralpho* might; but he with care
Of *Hudibras* his hurt forbare
To preſſe th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſie work of death
Had tir'd them ſo, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
VVhen the diſaſter of the *Knight*
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho preſt up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
VVith ſtout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;

But from ſo formidable a Souldier
Had fled like Crows when they ſmell powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o're their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and checkt,
You'l have a harder game to play,
Then yet y' have had, to get the day.

Thus ſpoke the ſtout *Squire*; but was heard
Of *Hudibras* with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, then *Ralph's* harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy Counſel comes too late.
The knotted bloud within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *Criſis* doth portend
My dayes to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond:
Yet I'd be loth my dayes to curtal,
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,

'Twere the beſt courſe: but if they find
We flie, and leave our Arms behind,
For them to ſeize on, the diſhonour
And danger too is ſuch, I'le ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter,
In all the trade of War, no feat
Is nobler then a brave retreat.

This ſaid, the *Squire* with active ſpeed
Diſmounted from his bonny Steed,
To ſeize the Arms which by miſchance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he aſſay'd to mount aloft;
But by his weighty bum as oft
He was pull'd back: till having found
Th' advantage of the riſing ground,
Thither he led his warlike ſteed,
And having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the beaſt
Whom *Orſin*, who had newly dreſt
The bloudy ſcar upon the ſhoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* powder,
And now was ſearching for the ſhot
That laid *Magnano* on the ſpot,

Beheld the ſturdy *Squire* aforeſaid
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begins to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This ſaid, like to a thunderbolt
He flew, with fury, to th' aſſault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reacht his horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'rethwart his beaſt with active vauting,
Wrigling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When *Orſin* ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,
The beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his back:
Till ſtumbling he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſown.
Meanwhile the *Knight* began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſſe;
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found both by his eyes and noſe,

'Twas onely choler, and not bloud,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with deſpightful ire;
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other Piſtol out,
And now had half-way bent the Cock
When *Cerdon* gave ſo fierce a ſhock,
With ſturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The *Knight* his Sword had onely left,
With which he *Cerdon*'s head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropt off a limb,
But *Orſin* came and reſcu'd him.
He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*
Upon his quarters oppoſite.
And as a Bark that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *Knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t'oppoſe.
Till *Orſin* charging with his Launce
At *Hudibras*, by ſpightful chance
Hit *Cerdon* ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,

Cry'd

Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another,
To bear thee company in death:
But firſt I'le halt awhile and breath.
As well he might: for *Orſin* griev'd
At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he made before.
Meanwhile the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himſelf, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orſin* with full ſpeed,
While he was buſie in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the Martial art,
The ſubtle *Knight* ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Untill he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces joyn'd renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himſelf advanc'd,

Though ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o're
With ruthleſſe bangs were ſtiff and ſore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
VVhen *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerours,
Have both the field and honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run:
I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lie ſpralling on the ground,
With many a gaſh and bloudy wound.
Ceſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can ſay, twice I
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*
The foes ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere*
As they *perire*, and yet enough
Be left to ſtrike an after-blow.
Then leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the buſ'neſſe o're,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I ſhould not, if I were
In caſe for action, now be here;

Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arſe, for fear of being bang'd:
It was for you I got theſe harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of ſtrength: unleſſe you ſtoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a prey
To thoſe who now are run away.

That ſhalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras*:)
We read the Ancients held it was
More honourable far *Servare*
Civem, then ſlay an adverſary.
The one we oft to day have done;
The other ſhall diſpatch anon.
And though th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This ſaid, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently toward the *Squier*:
Then bowing down his body ſtretcht
His hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out:
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got.

But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The Pillage of the Priſoners,
Which in all feats of Arms was hers:
And now to plunder *Ralph* ſhe flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To ſuccour him: for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.

Yield, *Scoundrel* baſe, (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy life is mine and liberty.
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy,
To try thy fortune o're afreſh,
I'le wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy Arms and baggage, now my right:
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'le lend thee back thy ſelf a while,
And once more for that carcaſe vile
Fight upon tick.— Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant Laſſe,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe, and take my ſword;
That ſword which has ſo oft this day
Through Squadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinſter matcht,

Will blush with bloud ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m'advice in this,
Consider while thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force.
For if with Conquest I come off,
(And that I shall doe sure enough)
Quarter thou canst not have nor grace,
By Law of Arms, in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much she priz'd his speech)
Quarter or Counsel from a foe:
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be sed,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,
That he retir'd and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *Arse-verse*
Shall serve thy turn — This stirr'd his spleen
More then the danger he was in,

The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, Deſpight, Revenge and Shame,
At once unto his ſtomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick,
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury.
Which long ſhe fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground.
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew, and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And mounting on his trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe Scum.
Shall I have quarter now? you Ruffin?
Or wilt thou be worſe then thy huſſing? (thou:
Thou ſaidſt th'woud'ſt kill me, marry woul'ſt
Why doſt thou not, thou *Jack-a-Nods* thou?

VVhy

Why doſt not put me to the ſword?
But cowardly flie from thy word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loſs of honour's great enough,
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a ſcoff,
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient *Hero's* were illuſtrious,
For b'ing benigne, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſht foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.

Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *Slubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the victory;
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, then thy deſert.
mhy arms, thy liberty, beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw:

The

The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.

Quoth *Hudibras* it is too late
For me to treat or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey:
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took priſ'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lob's pound*:
VVhere ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchange for him.

This ſaid, the *Knight* did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.

She took it, and forthwith deveſting
The Mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o're his ſturdy back.
And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the Gathers,
Port-canons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting Laſs
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Meanwhile the other Champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla*'d won the day,
To ſnare in th' honour and the prey,
And out of *Hudibras* his hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfi'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhowre.
But *Trulla* thruſt her ſelf between,
And ſtriding o're his back agen,
She brandiſh'd o're her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her bloud
Or theirs ſhould make that quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by Law of Arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.

In *Dungeon* deep *Crowdero* caſt
By *Hudibras* as yet lay faſt,
Where to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones
His great heart made perpetual mones.
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſom, and ſupply his place.

This ſtopt their fury, and the baſting
VVhich toward *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight,
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitcht upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The *Knight* and *Squier* firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their faces to the *Arſes*,
Orſin led *Hudibras*'es beaſt,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt;
Whom ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*
And *Colon* waited as a Guard on,
All uſh'ring *Trulla*, in the reer
With th' arms of either priſoner.

In

In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *inchanted caſtle*,
Where ſtout *Crowdero* in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed, then ſhows
And triumphs over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow, or then the *Bears*
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd,
In order Souldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for Battel as for Muſter.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt the Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*
No leſs then he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Caſe*,
And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſhious vengeance to aſſwage.
For he no ſooner was at large,
But *Trulla* ſtraight brought on her charge,

And in the ſelf-ſame *Limbo* put
The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them in *Hockly i'th' hole*,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion, to know ſorrow;
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.

But *Hudibras*, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, th' one half of man, his Mind,
Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
What e're the other moity feels.
'Tis not Reſtraint or Liberty
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind or Æquanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paultry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not ſed
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i'th' eye, and ſob
Becauſe h'had ne're another *Tub*.

The Ancients make two ſeveral kinds
Of Proweſſe in heroick minds,
The *Active*, and the *Paſſive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows and to carry,
In fights are equeneceſſary;
But in defeats, the paſſive ſtout
Are alwayes found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to out-doe
The Active, 'gainſt a conqu'ring foe.
Though we with blacks and blews are ſug-
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, are *cudgell'd*: (gill'd,
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's *a leaſe for time to come*,
And cannot be *extended* from
The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that is in Battel ſlain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain;
He that is beaten may be ſed
To lie in Honour's *Truckle-bed*.
For as we ſee th' Eclipſed Sun
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Then when adorn'd with all his light
He ſhines in ſerene skie moſt bright:
So Valour in a low eſtate
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
A *carnal Hour-glaſs*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much, ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off.
For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,
Having ſubdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof?
A politick exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian Zele* and *wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou mak'ſt *Presbytery* thy ſcale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is prophane.
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d'y' call?*)
Thy *light* jump right thou call'ſt *Synodical*.
As if *Presbytery* were a ſtandard
To ſize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my beard waſt bold to ſay,

That

That thou couldſt prove *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, orthodox and legal?
Do if thou canſt, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *light*.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to doe
That has but any *guts in's brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'l find I've *light* enough to doe it.

Synods are myſtical *Bear-gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babyloniſh* ſport.
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,
Do differ onely in a mere word.
Both are but ſev'ral Synagogues
Of *carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs*:
Both *Antichriſtian Aſſemblies*,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
In th' other *Souls* and *Conſciences*;
Where *Saints* themſelves are brought to ſtake
For *Goſpel-light* and *Conſcience* ſake;

Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Instead of *Mastive-dogs* and *Curs*;
Then whom th' have lesse humanity,
For these at souls of men will flie.
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a Vision saw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of *Church-rule* in this later age:
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine, so do they.
What are their *Orders*, *Constitutions*,
Church-censures, *Curses*, *Absolutions*,
But sev'ral mystick chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set Heathen *Officers*,
Instead of *Dogs*, about their ears.
For to prohibit and dispence,
To find out or to make offence,
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
And play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on Sin or Godlines;
Reduce the Church to *Gospel-order*,
By *rapine*, *sacrilege* and *murther*;
To make *Presbytery* supreme,
And *Kings* themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their Consciences, to turn *Saints*,

Must

Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When *Saints* Monopoliſts are made.
When *pious* frauds and *holy* ſhifts
Are *diſpenſations* and *gifts*,
Tnere *Godlineſs* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are whelps of th' *Inquiſition*,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commiſſioners* and *Triers*;
Whoſe bus'neſs is, by cunning ſlight
To caſt a Figure for mens *Light*;
To find in lines of beard and face
The Phyſiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the ſound and *twang of Noſe*,
If all be *ſound* within diſcloſe,
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
By *black-caps*, under-laid with *white*,
Give certain gueſs at inward *Light*;
Which *Serjeants at the Goſpel* wear,
To make their *ſpiritual calling* clear.
The *Hand-kercher* about the neck
(Canonical *Crabat* of *Smeck*.
From whom the Inſtitution came,
VVhen Church and State they ſet on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of *ſpiritual warfaring* men)

Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest Cut* in fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion,
That *grace is founded in dominion.*
Great *piety* consists in Pride;
To *rule* is to be *sanctifi'd:*
To domineer and to controul
Both o're the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect *discipline*
Of Church-rule, and by *Right divine.*
Bel and the *Dragon*'s Chaplains were
More moderate then these by far:
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have wealth and power too,
Or else with bloud and desolation
They'l tear it out o'th' heart o'th' Nation.

Sure these themselves from Primitive
And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
When *Butchers* were the onely *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whose *Directory* was to *kill*;
And some believe it is so still.
The onely diff'rence is that then
They slaughter'd onely *beasts*, now *men.*
For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a child to *Moloch*,

They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.

Presbytery does but translate
The Papacy to a *Free State*,
A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
Where ev'ry Village is a *See*
As well as *Rome*, and must maintain
A *Tithe-pig-Metropolitan*;
Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*
Commands the *Keys* for Cheese and Bacon;
And ev'ry Hamblet's governed
By's *Holiness*, the *Churche's head*,
More haughty and severe in's place
Then *Gregory* and *Boniface*.
Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
With many heads: for if we conster
VVhat in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
According to th' Apostle's mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon;
VVhich Heads denote the sinful tribe
Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-elder*, *Scribe*.
Lay-elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
VVhose little finger is as heavy
As loyns of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
And Bishop Secular. This Zelot
Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;
A lawless *linsie-woolsie Brother*,
Half of one Order, half an other;

A Creature of amphibious nature,
On land a Beaſt, a Fiſh in water;
That alwayes preys on Grace, or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Woolf within.
This fierce Inquiſitor has chief
Dominions over mens Belief
And Manners; can pronounce a Saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through courſeſt boulter others *gifts*.
For all men live and judge amiſs
Whoſe *Talents* jump not juſt with his.
He'l lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle *light* and *grace*,
The manifacture of the *Kirk*,
Whoſe Paſtors are but th' Handiwork
Of his mechanick Pawes, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling,
From whence they ſtart up *choſen veſſels*,
Made by Contact, as men get *Meazels*.
So *Cardinals*, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new-made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,
They ſay, *does make ſweet Malt*. Good *Squire*;
Feſtina lente, not too faſt;
For *Haſte* (the Proverb ſayes) *makes waſte*.
The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake.

And

And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And figure, to be underſtood,
I'le force you by right ratiocination
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *Dialecticõs*.

The Queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is which is *better*, or which *worſt*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worſt, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt they are really *all one*.
If ſo, not *worſt*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then, *Tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the *ſame* by courſe
Neither is *better*, neither *worſe*.
But I deny they are the *ſame*,
More then a *Maggot* and *I* am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find,
And can no more make *Bears* of theſe,
Then prove *my horſe is Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay no:

And

And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *Assembly*'s not impowr'd
To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *Synod*: but *Bear-garden*
Has no such pow'r, *Ergo* 'tis none.
And so thy Sophistry's o'rethrown.
But yet we are beside the Question
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are *better*
Then *Synod-men*; I say, *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,
Is held by all: They'r *better* then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* legs go,
As Beasts, but *Synod-men* on *two*.
'Tis true, they all have *teeth* and *nailes*;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, shaggy *fur*
Grows o're the hide of *Presbyter*;
Or that his snout and *spacious ears*
Do hold proportion with a *Bear*'s.
A *Bear*'s a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelpt without form, untill the Dam
Have lickt him into shape and frame:
But all thy light can ne're evict
That ever *Synod-man* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other fashion
Then his own will and inclination.

But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugne thy ſelf and ſenſe, that is,
Thou wouldſt have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too.
A ſtrange *Chimœra* of Beaſts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when,
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
Are all but plagiary ſhifts;)
And is the ſame that *Ranter* ſed,
That arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handfull of my Beard:
The ſelf-ſame Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This Controverſie, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
VVill ſerve to anſwer thee agen.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of *Humane Learning* you produce;
Learning, that Cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;

A trade of Knowledge as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumber *Gifts* and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s Doublet;
A cheat that Scholers put upon
Other mens reason and their own;
A Fort of Error, to ensconce
Absurdity and Ignorance;
That renders all the avenues
To Truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art, perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for sense or *light*,
That will not with old Rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This *Pagan*, *Heathenish invention*
Is good for nothing but contention.
For as in Sword-and-Buckler fight,
All blows do on the Target light:
So when men argue, the great'st part
O'th' contest falls on Terms of art,
Untill the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
Out-run the Constable at last;

For

For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs and untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary as black to white*;
Mere *Diſparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this *Humane Learning*;
Two things s'averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T'evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Then this w'are in: therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.

FINIS.